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The Daze



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Chapter 1 by Oonagh Huxtable

It was cold. Very cold. The snow clung to her shoes as she trudged through it. I had no idea who she was, then. And now, she's sitting in my living room, reading the newspaper. Very normal. I don't know how she got there. I walked in and there she was on one of my plush couches. Alone, as usual.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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